

Retorico Unentesi

## HA'ABLA NOTEBOOK

6 october

lately, i read with hindsight the loosely sudden unfolding smattering of signs starkly in real time. summer comes, an unlaced, vestal indignation, and the fogs thereafter naturally rebel in anger. i forget myself in a rigged documentation beholden to fraud and sauna. the toes are gone, the dreams vestigial. i killed a deer at low tide, her angelic tulips a gentle delight, messianic. either the communists are fermenting in their gulags, or i have forged a retinal attack for the refrigerated ore of paper. the bombs engender a vishnu hubris, avatar of antagonists, and the dissidents wager their palindromes to kindle a sapphire deluge. (i found her viral attentions acerbic mistakes, a rotating plankton of selves, ludic dendrites and trivial etudes, variants of extortion.) at the forbidden desk my dog is like a medieval sign of material normalcy. i enter a universe of doctrinal sameness. some of the torrid uselessness still glimmers in forgotten grammar. i still rail at the elusive ink. the press is brisk, like cancer, a viaduct for lesser minds. i want to steam the larvae off this tainted palace. discerned and stingy in sorted voices, i rage a savage illness in nubile verse, in partitioned statistics and stuttered paraphrase, understanding formed as a station of useless leadership. death is a new utterance, like sand, deserving and varied. apart from blood, hygienic bygones and singing germs, boats settle like rattlesnakes on the serene pavement of my brothers. vile beliefs, tragic and tiresome, part the eidetic swoon for a parthenogenetic system. the doors open to a deluge of openings. soaked in fictional beliefs, loves and leverages, the open illness brokers sifted regret to stand. i'm rent by this sylvan banter. stands to hidden divide render monologue. police serried in the fogs of my electric hand. a mental electricity forces gentle syntax practice. or some dendritic light sorts before unfolding fictional ad campaigns until syntax drafts and freckles. hidden divides independent comrades for ramifications of enlargement. or understated understanding divides the lead from the clowns, the spillage from the ships. i read a cleansed reality of breath and hands. but an arabesque of skeletons, lost, scampers indiscriminately through narrow detours gelded by belief. the story swells, boils genre fogs utterly dance. i don't believe in the fogs of betrayal or in the somatic scandals of tragedy and loss. (i have observed her, guarding her demimonde, bearing octagons of filth to the discussion.) cones of illusory luster scission the

village. the communists are gone, overtaken by aesthetics and nothingness. the forms of democracy, like some fairy harp begotten in sweet fragrances of dream, have felt the risk of synthetic ideology like a wrapper around the sky. even to detour from the story is utmost fog and open grave. i adjourn to dissidence as vigilance and stand. even to detour from the setting constructs the endeavor of real fiction on dead paper. the voice of chaos sends its delicate eggs to learn somatic. (some of her frightening teleologies: her book of summer, her allergic reading, her tedious concert languishing in signs.) even the sedative is like a haggard light, belittled, tainted, pink. (i roam the sky as if her profession is my home.) the problem is video, laboratories, american ideas, the delicacy of scabs. veteran art and clean hands. sexual entwinings, rocks, tubers, dream binges, the dagger — the blade — in the alphabet. arbitrary dreams mediate our hands. i still pulse and move, over rifts, one at a time, over rifts. (her independent sadness after the real revolution

forested details: blue moss and burnt rags in garlic. leering opium. handsome snake-bitten tilde. as qualia, the infants are fed dogs, desire and lust. america plans for military and economic control of needs. rest breeds demagogues and gazelles.

an aesthetics of terns: pale, itinerant eyes. initial rye, falafel.

in fading dens, blue demons. cud and frost. a real errand begs the message. mentation after dinner.

massive frogs: fried, they are dingy, listless. duende. effervescence of less variety.

israel risks the politicization of its smog somatic. soon, the barracks will be ordered to read the nests in drag.

after the trees, kings legislate gender. huge, immediate tilt. sluglight.

i desire the real scabs beside the moans of radar.

often, jogging in primordial light, i mind the sinister thud of the rake against my plans. as fast as eggs. the ratio of roam to deluge is endlessly status.

i offer disservice to the lobes at the urge of tremors. 100 blue rabbits

dreamed in palestine (30 december, 2000). words are often born in the dirt of dreams — overt and uneven.

doodles bring forth the bugs of the gods. if magic is under constant construction, how is the head rigged to hover over its work like silk? the head is a dry stalk striking androgynous bells.

war is snare, life demimonde and love. drab somatic results, soiled and later. death has her internal amnesty for rational conclusions. i entered the jail retired to rapport of jets. soon, the neck snaps, or the blue servant is forbidden his uselessness.

melons and antelope in code.

the palestinian sense of israel resides in reorganized vortex somnolence. nothing in the pilfered thunder is a daft as abnegation. the magnitude of the middle. little breaks in her sticky plan.

often, jogging by the literal port, i skirt the details of the jailer to sensations of mentation. her level kinesis is tender, overestimated.

pulse or else — mediation is a slut.

statues of the core are mostly useful as real sentience read as pristine. some of the grunions are targets for a lamp.

avid forks, lingering hands — the same germs are under your bed. in july, i maimed a jar in serial wantonness.

the density of the plan is mostly virulent derision. america cannot ask israel for planes to fraternize its diligence. negation caroms in moderation. part of the dereliction of modernity was its rationale of retrorse highlighting.

found scattered in the serial cantons: open dialing of mindful radar; red moss; parades of deaf landlords; the inebriated reality of inbred eyes.

in 1967, i was indicted to demand an isomer of cancerous silkworm bristle. i joined the resources of forests and fomented vandals. i designed a hovel for the paradise of skillful belief. however, before i could engender a mentation of administered beliefs, i was brutally impassioned by the

corrupt snake of a self. i am reminded to delight my errors in aesthetic pauses.

authority of the skull spills laden roles. some of the transitional belts are more wilderness than infidel. collaborative thunder foretells pillage.

arrival of imperial slander — after the ransom of style.

the sorted leaders are absolute. i cast syntactical daffodils as abandoned fictions, but the tusks of the stars are forever in need of nerve. nest — parallel lease and sudden abyss.

paved nests breed enviable devils. nothing delights the cantons as much as the fattened abacus. i dreamed of paleolithic frogs, of snakes on biers. centrality in the cantons is mediated by tantrum.

i am rallied to the hog and the syndicate. slanted tones in bethlehem. jericho still isolates the aerial foretaste.

aesthetic palaces never serve the vocabulary of belief. effective scandals can afford the fracas. jerusalem, until very recently, was an ordinary synthesis of sandy light and integers.

volume is the real behemoth of zig zag hovel detention. each syllable of the christian religion is a golden lily colonized by volcanic breathwork and the ascetic zephyr — for its mangy overtones, secure the grubs under a lid.

nothing is the same as a naked apple since the tiger and the alphabet entreated the plastic militancy of fatality. still, the edenic release of vultures to forgotten caveats is a scry and sketch among the voodoo kangaroo, split gazelle, benevolent intern formulas. my gaze dissembles around the stolen handles.

forsaken forms no longer serve the enormous delirium of programmatic battlefields. each siege is a test of my geriatric budget. the real harbinger is the genetic isomer. comfort is stated as a story of random fangs.

either the americans are the cancer of belief, or i stand in precious dereliction at the grave of free processual ignominy. after the rigged election, an eternity of golf.

skeletons are our tickets to the roundabout errors of stunted fraternity. the malice of the mediterranean forecasts her genetic harvest. bread and salmon begging in the night for teeth.

the new eternity is as false as the medieval void. i speak of a gentle, dingy loss — some altitudes are hidden in the sting of joy. balance is regurgitated to kindle the gods.

the real errands are besieged by a devious mustard. hell is a kingdom of aquamarine mosquitoes. tornados drag the twins, eaten by separate memories, to the edge of an argent politics. i roam the inner sleeve as a symbol of myself.

in part, israel is a statistic in the aggressive interrogation of error. we sort our anal aftermaths, the same vital pasts as sidereal tigers, sharia and eden, and by hindsight we mediate the bestial gutters of war.

in 1953, at a demonstration against jocular risk, i surveyed eternal night over the markets of a saffron alphabet. some of us were veterans of random correspondence. some of us bled paper and ash like infidel salvation. the sun was a pale aesthetic serenity opposing the naked cauldron. most of us were besieged by errands in error. many of us snared the afternoon passively into evening, frying glints of duende in a dingy distillery. i remember the verbs devolved and rinsed themselves of political ogham. the military sun was stricken with baroque readings of intentional boredom. then the nasty dogs who fed on freedom drugged our bodies in their bony sonnets.

7 october

semantic cunning extrudes ruthless sense. taste is endemic to mediation. also to meditation. stammered masks, dotted turnstiles, divisions of the spoken storm.

foods of the musketeers: dreams, sieves, drudgery.

results of tattered souls: unanimity, sunsets, adamant havoc.

balanced on rakes, onionskin and blood. as the sun opens, our hands glide. astride the ground, graves like scabs. clocks and legends.

unerring beauty, fantastic semaphore of the steadfast and the arrested, the ruse of paradise and aesthetics.

tiny sentences plague the metrical jetsam. signs form a cancer on the hands, linger under blood and salmon. the forked uselessness reads a pale jerusalem. our dogs are fettered and ravenous. the earnest comrades gag on somber loves. never have i seen such a cancerous skein of miracles.

lucid commentary is rarer than terror. might the attentions of israel scald barred logic from such society as is murmuring in the dew? overt dance skews relevance. at least the lozenge is padded.

problems: kundalini, naked variance, vapid minute utterance.

mention the harlot narrowly wan and singing. her signs are a foliage of diplomatic endeavor. logic endures as tedium and burden.

detours: variation, density, enlightenment. lose the detours — gagged.

real despair is blood in a heart. the rest is filth and sober clocks.

for a light-year of literal tonality, for rabid ontic circles around the jubilant skulls, fear mediates between the beasts and their gore. some of our comrades are vigilant errors of language.

a dream of men however forgotten in arable gods. detention in affordable masks. lurking.

neither a rabbit nor a snake. lands pallid and serried, strenuous and serene. some of us are on the same page, cunning, harmed, far from individual adventures and modern antics. banter of lights ending in a boat.

the letters, unlike men, are not administered by the cancer of ignorance. a deluge of daring steam in the laughter of hell. i react less nearby than under duress, ingenuous.

inquiry interacts before the naked reading. begin at until; disclose at

confrontation. overtones of hunger mediated by religious loss. surfaces are ringing thunder, detours in their servitude.

idle mist varnished, blended to stain and type. the plain language of confrontation is a rugged magnet and a fragment.

a vigil of tigers stuns my scabs. i break plankton with her at the miracle of dusk. israel is still a craven, indifferent skull, generic in the dictionary. the advantages of a dulcet magnet.

instead of forms, diplomats at risk in fanged advantage. fog over the forms of the grave, strafed and somatic, offensive. the night gives a sign in halftones.

i am rid of the settled, the plangent, the hovered and the sailing. i overestimated teams of meddlesome politicians. their retinal slime still lingers on the moss. latent sleep melts and fastens to blue forms of blood.

in 1968, alone in the panic of terminal riots, i folded the tears of gender into a harp, and entered the lateral forest, a fragrant beggar. political skies ruptured. fables and groups of eggs.

peregrine. sharply arrogant piano. arbitrary, desultory in parts, jeweled regencies in enigma, plans for androgynous dreams.

the vigilance of the tiger is hustle and detriment. as the dissidents retire to their slings, lined with the irenic ink blots of their latent, forsaken beliefs, sagacious men inadvertently cast their meditations on the statement. from the usa, statements variously needles and afterglow dissect the ashen, foreboding stones.

in washington, in 1971, at risk for monsters in diplomatic summer, i deflowered the targeted haven. initially ill, sickened by a resolution of radar in the head, and too fortunate to roam the plight of israel, i discovered a lilting algebra of allergic solitude. love was a level and satiated comrade. a faded refulgence slipped inside my linear injury. i dreamed of forks, basted palinodes, a pastry reticular with tiny snakes. it rained lightning in the kettles. fulminations culminating in urdu. processual meditations on olson.

dogs alternately blue or effectively deaf. either belief is literal and

underrated, or death is an error of demands. american history is a saber and a bow. it does not behoove the english to industrialize the villages of africa. vigilance is a fact of dreams. stillness like sponge or matted steam.

the limp gleams in rare detour. some of us have never eaten the brutal politics of a barracks. the starlings do not plan for their burial under the graves of men. vendetta is endlessly american and politically israeli. navigate the mud to a postmodern nationality.

dreams are rated according to either derision or guess. the planet seems flatter than it lurks. forms of electricity stand in the elements, communicating vandals and rusty agon. the tears of the jester are tiresome and abstruse. rationality, then retinal pleasures. the tinkle of the sinistral becoming spoken rings.

nude reeds knelt in the blustering thunder. man shall school his husks in unflagging udders. believe in alternative brutality for a hindrance to the mind. from 1967, when i met the military sentinel, before i dreamed of belief and singing visions, i have been visited by daubs of kingdoms, fattened frogs and afterimages in the night. some of us believe in delights of the belly. forever averse under eden, the style of the usa is a slow process of internal strychnine. the vigilance of the tiger is a soggy fever.

green sleep is killing me. some of my genes have realigned as messages in a forest. signs of brutal nests, regurgitated ideas of duende. some of the belief flowers in the arbitrary dance of the partitioned alphabet.

in london, the grim journalist rendered a miracle of class. her commentary on forbidden rabies. her rejuvenated infant enneagram. her political fears and everglade pajamas. an algebra of legs morphs, angry rebels of the selves, only then do the violets perfect their minarets. a dream of irenic genes.

starlight after death in palestine inside a snake. the self is a tryst of dreams. reticent unopened blue paper, opaque letters.

some of the effective readings are scabs of light. green starlings out of control in the pellucid evening. germane knuckles bleeding lead and sage. of import is a hungry reading of inner tusks. a love of immigrant light and fragrant voltage. hell is verdant.

8 october

ersatz decals leer statements tedium and pillage. lies by the blood of palestine instead of attention abjure the juried craft. hurry the drums to beat meagerly through economy to israel still vigilant on the page after anterior immigration or before reforms. my liberal globes are deformed, ajar under senescence. dissidents serried in meaningless escapes overlook love under enlightenment. foretold gruel and distal regulus, heading into the beehives.

often slaves to jewels. irenic ears. i ask israel for an expression of doubt.

a new avarice on the forlorn banks. garish blood, appropriately divided. a program of detention for dreams in the epidermis.

yellow light reduced to eyes. senseless palestinian luminosity, formally dead, leveraged over the velvet selvedge. at risk in the evasive verb, and silver, each sliver of vision tightens around a mind.

rings of nets. stranded in a modernist pogrom. frills and ephemeral rapine. a sliver of moon erased by signs. especially the control of regret at risk in palestine. marked poem of kings in fiery teeth, swill and barter. i export the indehiscent light of dollars. smelled a reading. rankled mediations satiated groove. given the economic radar of arafat, and the open maladies of belief, i stand in the delirious monologue an emblem of polarity.

no god rekindled these dulcet fragments of financial rhyme. in new york, on the 2nd of october, i rehabilitated the orgasm to a rapport of entablatures. the industrious comrades disembark. i am a form of dermal sky flowering in fog and blood. but even the tiniest ceilings pillage my arbitrary craft.

i am the ransom under ejected vegetables. israel is no longer only a den of determined vikings. the whisper of the snake is an elite palace. a barrage of signs is a parcel of selves. murder stalks the eye. forms lag, wicker and sere. the adversary seldom blends in somatic planes. some of the selves are stern and narrow, naturally nothing. language as detour sometimes escapes the building.

i fathom tangents for language invariably belief, still salient relations divulge the mediated project. syntax uselessly an abortive envisioning, somehow variant practice, serial, i manage to arrange in a method. curved muscles rear fortunate gifts rend nothing abandoned. at risk undressing sings visionary cauldrons narrowly processual or uniform. official voice of the jester in fire.

spoken tomes vintage until operative, habituated song, like stillborn dust, mulling light. meaning is full of the forms of life, forked, winding, still. random vision devolves love in debt. harms lies mediated by plangent debt.

some of the rotten hearts. i remember crying like a statistic in the beveled glass. opening the malady of deluge lessened. taverns are detours for death and ideology, spectrums of guess. i believe in the eternal disillusionment of love. if the arabs return to identity as reality at risk, i will reengineer my ingrate fortune. in 1948, i dabbled in arbitrary eternities, rinsed in songs of dreaming blood.

9 october

windows under fins human animals remember. when the american system grinds to independent herd in kilter, i motivate the situation to an addition of interventionist arguments. each bomb is a neologism for a jungian slavery to the human aviary and arsenal. hands articulate the beaten stars. i knoll in general the bedraggled blots to folded rills and signs of independence. her sickness for almonds and beetles. vivacious shad. each sign a transom of a self.

one of the floral vowels daubed with stars. dabbled in anarchy and eurhythmics. an avalanche or a deluge — who cares? wardens of the margins. however adamant the animosities of the dissidents, avenues tilt towards blends and avarice, overnight the jeweled venom pales to flowers, like kosovo.

stars offer favors to the ground, legs and gerunds. spores in the rugs at the mall.

one hovers over the ribald beast as a star, anorexic and gentle as gout. delightful avenger, real glee for a war in the dendrites, i veer less and denser for the findings of any system. international laughter regales analogue. blind wonder for the fall of statement. some bastard sign and paean to barter the rabble fog, chartered fins deaf as a flood, no solution in erroneous resolve. each finger is a fable and a slut. denizens of internal rationale, fortress of stolen dooms, a fortnight of forbidden safety. magic wrestles the error from its bell.

a certain magnetism might deliver an advantage, or else a mind mediated by dread, ennui, nudity, a tryst of blood and dreams. the mythic light in kelp. by myself, indigent, a gaffe. as slick as her bed after demented radish. harbinger of freedom and deliquescence. a glut of minds like racketeers.

cancer is a natural virus like management and light. at the sign of he dear endeavor, minds spinning in a red spaghetti. lurks inside the leering glen, bland pitiful runt, i doubt the veracity of our soberest orders. bleed leaders established in tables of ether. american risk initially after its audition urgently rigged for clarity. summer in the magical fjords, her ankles crinkle and her statements survive, eternally surreal. universal mentation is naked and in error. i have fed on kerchiefs, heads darkled and garish earrings, no guarantees for the encyclopedic impersonation of unfelt retribution. it's been over for over thirty years — as statement.

enduring winds retailed as transhumant intervention. spores alight on the grim mallets. humanity intervenes in her own neoteric spin, a sign of the rotating door, spinning in felt doubt. rotten stillness of the tattered mantra. inventions of terror and fashions of the soul.

9 october

deer resting by the rill. forever, even in summer, at night, gifts of blood, papers flying in the night, genes, villages, beliefs, dust knotted in fogs, dogs, fleas, flesh will believe, flesh and will, until essence, light, manifests as stoves. blood and death, blood in the famous rivulets. a bald dog bleeding from the eyes. death, ludic or ludicrous, fatigue. alive in a series

of classes. arab land. glass and risk. planes navigate the ends of eternity. the nude grandmother enters the fort, remembers medieval travesty. diplomatic fangs, yellow with dreams, directing harms of magic. lingering maladies, ligaments and duende. dominant trends, magnets, senseless cruelty of the intellectual class. fold control at the site of rationality. beasts cry in escrow beside the rivers. i am a dream, a storm, a story, a drug, jagged near-sighted laughter, a miracle and an ass. i entered the fiscal reality of the nest, prestidigitation, gestation of fools, a dragon and a blade. the rest is a half-eaten zen.

on the 8th of october, as i left the principled syntax, snipers perched in rings along the lake. in 1993, slow somatic scar of a leaden individual, as a result of my tattered deaths i entered some version of heaven, brute rouge on the onions, silk harps and bleeding kerchiefs, small silent girls signalling stratospheres. administrative control is a story of partitioned love. the affable beasts are bleeding. twine or rope. senseless blaze. striped and benthic. israel harbors a foliage of eyes. i am a net of miracles and an opaque ass. the frontal lobes attack the anterior letters. new york is no bigger than a patio. give me your undivided blossoms settled in telephones and syrup. statistics forced to discriminate, inner rims, political mindfulness, as far as africa is concerned, the mandatory forsythia is intransigent until true mushrooms allotropic nonsense for at least a fortnight hindrance is unlike anything you have ever, palpable snakes, comrades, my palms taste of dust, our bread is bleeding.

luck in hell.

each nation is independent, in hell. i am a fragment of a seed, comrades, inseparable from the vehement afferent. it's a cunning moon for her to joke while riding. i disagree with danger as mediation. the craft of the tiger is a green bedroom singing. i believe in elves, fiction, and beheadings. paved existence, red blood, manacles and seams.

however god got here, voodoo, harpoon, or egret in plain language, the salads are still too hungry to hold her verbs. as for my free self, jogging senselessly through loneliness and limn, i am interred in a serene palace, an independent parrot. i dream of random crustaceans standing in detail on the barge of signs. ravens for desire on the lips of israel. blood on the blade, new moss on the harp, true statements of true urges on the page.

i try to be as natural as light — the results are syntax and armor. a longing

for beds and dragons, for alcohol and rats. the sudden forest is an  
intimidating variety of natural dada. folded wreckage of desire, beetles and  
satellites. an error of foretaste delivers the mast. art is a cult of futility and  
a den of apes. on october the 6th, skewed revenant and clean, i brought  
to the dagger an open blade. the dogs of the alphabet are jeering, mad  
and handsome. until death moves the skirt and lifts the melon, an inner  
data, radioactive, and then the deluge of brine, i forget the genetic lord  
again

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